THE COURT BALLAD.

By Mr. *POPE.*

To the Tune of, *To all you Ladies now at Land*, &c.

The SECOND EDITION, *Corrected.*

I.

TO One Fair Lady out of Court,
And Two Fair Ladies in,
Who think the TURK * and POPE † a Sport,
And Wit and Love no Sin,
Come theſe ſoft Lines with nothing Stiff in
To *B—ll—ne*, *Le—p—lle*, and *G—ff—n*.
With a fa, la, la.

* *The Little* Turk.
† *The* Author.

II.

What paſſes in the Dark Third Row,
And what behind the Scene,
Couches and crip'led Chairs I know,
And Garrets hung with Green;
I know the ſwing of ſinful Hack,
Where many Damſels cry alack.
With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why to Court ſhou'd I Repair,
Where's ſuch ado with *T—d.*
To hear each Mortal Stamp and Swear
And ev'ry Speech with Zouns, end,
To hear 'em Rail at honeſt *S—d*
And raſhly Blame the Realm of Blunderland *
With a fa, la, la.

* *Ireland.*

IV.

Alas like *S—z* I cannot Pun,
Like *C—t—n* Court the *Germans*,
Tell *P—k—n—g* how Slim ſhe's grown,
Like *M—d—ws* Run to Sermons,
To Court, Ambitious Men may Roam,
But *I*, and *Marlbro'* ſtay at Home.
With a fa, la, la.

In

V.

In truth by what I can diſcern,
Of Courtiers 'twixt you Three,
Some Wit you have and more may Learn,
From Court than *Gay* or *Me*,
Perhaps in time you'll leave High Diet,
To Sup with Us on Mirth and Quiet,
With a fa, la, la.

VI.

At *Leiceſter-Fields* a Houſe full high,
With Door all Painted Green,
Where Ribbons Wave upon the Tye,
(A Milliner I mean)
There may you Meet Us Three to Three,
For *Gay* can well make Two of Me.
With a fa, la, la.

VII.

But ſhou'd you catch the Prudiſh Itch,
And each become a Coward,
Bring ſometimes with you Lady *R—h*,
And ſometimes Miſtreſs *H—d*.
For Virgins to keep Chaſte muſt go,
Abroad with ſuch as are not ſo.
With a fa, la, la.

VIII.

And thus Fair Maids my Ballad ends,
God ſend the King Safe Landing,
And make all Honeſt Ladies Friends,
To Armies that are Standing,
Preſerve the Limits of theſe Nations,
And take off Ladies Limitations.
With a fa, la, la.

FINIS.

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